

THE AMUSEMENT OF THE ELEPHANTS.

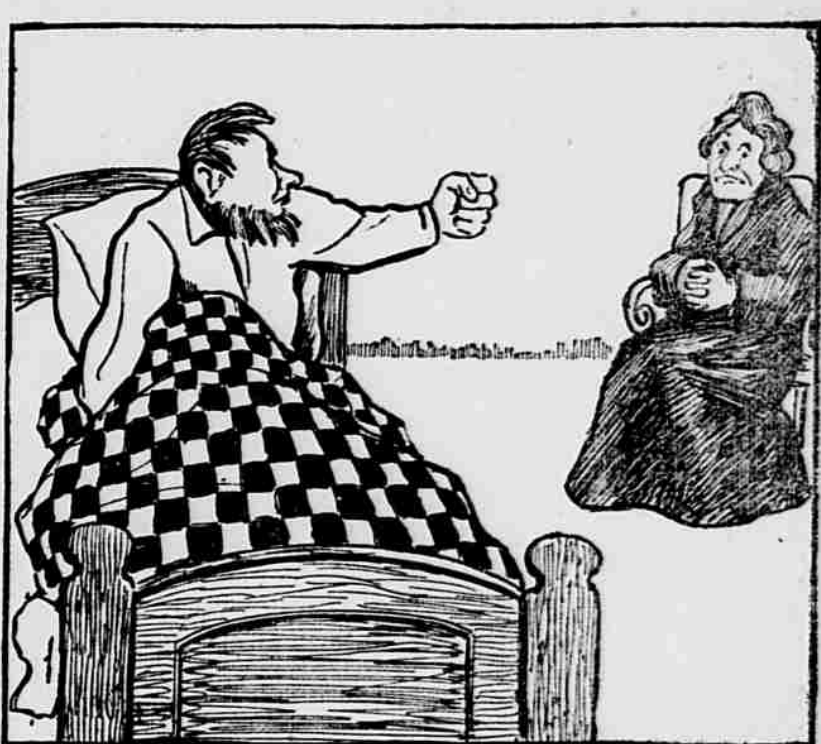
THE LAST OF THE IRISH SERPENTS.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he drove the serpents and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he "bothered all the varmint" entirely. But for all that, there was one old serpent left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St. Patrick did not well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine bolts upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the serpent used to keep; and the serpent, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. "Oh," says St. Patrick, says he, "where's the use of making such a place of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm goin to civilize the whole country, man and beast," says he, "and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you." The serpent, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had drove

all the rest of the serpents into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the serpent walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the serpent saw the nine bolts upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. "Tis a nice warm house, you see," says St. Patrick, "and 'tis a good friend I am to you." "I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility," says the serpent; "but I think it's too small it is for me"—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. "Too small," says St. Patrick; "stop, if you please," says he, "you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 't will fit you completely; and I'll tell you what," says he, "I'll bet you a gallon of porter, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you." The serpent was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There, now," says he; "I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too

A St. Patrick's Day Legend.

small for me, for I can't get in my tail." When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a serpent saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to bolt the nine iron bolts. "Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick!" says the serpent; "I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man." "Let you out, my darling?" says St. Patrick; "to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time just now, so you must wait till to-morrow." And so he took the iron chest, with the serpent in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the serpent struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon St. Mary's the living man has heard the serpent crying out from within the chest under the water: "Is it to-morrow yet?" which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the serpents, etc.—Thomas Crofton Croker.



"But, my dear Tobias, remember that you may die at any time." "Die, did you say? Die? That's the last thing I'll do."—Sondags Nisse.

Unanswered Question.
The Bachelor:
A bachelor's life
Is happiest; you
The taking of a wife
With peril is rife—
I'm certain of that!

A Voice Aside:
Is one thing there to
I would you'd explain,
Why widowers hasten
To marry again?

Bachelor:
No comes and he goes
The bachelor lives
With none to oppose
And no one who knows
His business save his!

A Voice Aside:
You see things there be
You can't, sir, deny
That widowers hasten
To wed them anew?

Bachelor:
No ladies del much
At table he sits;
No tangles to push,
No cryings to hush,
No night lullabies!

A Voice Aside:
And yet, will you please
This riddle undo,
Why widowers hasten
To wed them anew?

Bachelor:
No family cares
That constantly grow;
No family "jests,"
No family prayers,
No mother-in-law!

A Voice Aside:
I'm still waiting for
You, sir, to explain
Why widowers hasten
To marry again.

—Warren County, Kentucky, Courier.



Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad.

The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And Practice drives me mad.

—Fun.

On the Government.

They were two big, burly Indians. The long eagle feather in the hat of one, who is known as "Chief" and the bright red sash up in the sash of the other would have told that it was the unmistakable features had not evidenced it. A Government employe, it matters not who, but one who may possibly in certain events happen make a "stake" out of the tribe to which these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the Capitol, and showing the braves about the corridors Tuesday. They left the Indian Committee-room, and came to the door of the House Restaurant. "Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the man with the graft. "All right," was the quick reply of the aborigines. At the luncheon counter the one who could muster the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?" "Oh, yes," responded the host, thinking that the quickest way to inform them that they would not have to stand good for the bill. "Ugh!" grunted the braves. "we eat lot, Guv'munt pay." And they did. Four cups of coffee each, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, three ham sandwiches, one dozen doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice-cream, a whole pie each, and besides that a thirst for fire-water that was absolutely appalling. The luncheon counter looked as though Mrs. Nation might have paid it a visit by the time the Indians got through, and the bill that the "Guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his week's salary look like 7 cents. "Guv'munt heap good, grunted the braves, as he picked his teeth in true "white brother" fashion in the corridor. "We eat here again." But it will not be in company with that particular clerk.—Washington Star.



Customer: "I'm going to take the girl that works for you into my employ. Tell me, is she honest?"
Dressmaker: "I'm not quite sure. You see, for instance, I sent her to you with a bill a few weeks ago, and she ain't handed over to me any money as yet."



Jim: "Where are you running to, John—your hat was blown to the left!"
John: "I know, but I see a hat in this direction that is much better than mine."

Why He Wanted to Quit.
Speaking of quitting jobs, the inspector who looks after the lighter side of life on the rails for the Railway Age, says he knows of one man who had a real good reason for so doing. He was working his way East from some of the ranches in the western part of the Dakotas and had taken up with a temporary job at railroad. The result of his physical and civil service examinations had placed him in the track department, where he had remained for some years, having become greatly attached to his immediate superior. One morning the boss was trying to tighten up a track bolt when the wrench slipped and he hurt his hand. He threw the wrench down and remarked with some force:
"Ole, I'm going to get a monkey wrench."
"Wall, Ay tank Ay quit ma yob," replied his faithful employe.
"Why, Ole, you wouldn't leave me after

all this time that we have worked together. Now, Ole, you have seen one of the best men in my gang."
"Yas, Mester Sullivan, you ban a gode man, but don't want ma yob no more. You see, Ay work on sheep ranch for fem years and Ay work hard. Then Ay work on horse ranch for two year and Ay work hard. Then Ay work three year on cow ranch and run the cows around and around tell Ay get ma sick. Ay like you, Mester Sullivan, and Ay like to work for you, an' Ay would work for you some more, but when you say you buy a monkey ranch then Ay don't like to stay here no longer. Ay skak never work on monkey ranch."

He: "My uncle is a strange man." She: "Why so?" He: "He says the only thing he's got to live for is to hope that he'll have a large funeral."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Dubbs and the Clubs.

Mrs. Araminta Dubbs,
President of fifteen clubs,
Member of as many more,
Sociate in half a score,
Wrote,
And read,
And sang,
And said,
In her clubs from dawn till bed.
She was ever on the go—
"Mustn't miss my club, you know,"
Daybreak, Health and Breakfast Clubs,
Honored Araminta Dubbs.
Morning Club, from nine to ten,
Brown's Club, then on again—
Luncheon Club, and Sisterhood,
Duchre Club, and Better Food,
Idea Club, and Amateurs,
Had for her their clubby lures.
Smile,
And chat,
Of this
And that—
"Faith," or "How to Trim a Hat,"
"Latest Searches for the Pole,"
"What We Know About the Soul,"
"Woman's Sphere" and "Help the Men,"
"How to Treat a Sittin' Hen,"
"Bessie's Mystic Inner Thought,"
"Whifness of the Why and What,"
"Immortality of Plays,"
"Is the Walking Skirt a Crime?"
"Wireless Messages to Mars,"
"Chats With Famous Female Stars"—
And fro,
And on,
The go—
Mrs. Dubbs was never slow—
Talked and wrote and played and drew,
Took a course in cooking, too;
Sorrow came, though, after while,
In a very sudden style.
Mr. Dubbs became quite ill;
But, with martyr's iron will,
Mrs. Araminta Dubbs
Kept her ceaseless round of clubs.
Till one afternoon when she
Was as sweetly as could be,
Speaking, with much grace and life,
On "The Duties of a Wife,"
To the Maids and Matrons' Guild,
All her eloquence was stilled
By
A card
Which her
Speech married—
Dubbs's soul had been unbarred.
Mrs. Dubbs repressed a sigh,
Said, "Twas mean of him to die,
Just as I'm about to reach
Finest parts of all my speech."
But, of course, she had to quit,
And that was the end of it.
For, when she had buried Dubbs,
Said to tell, all of the clubs

Had another on her throne,
And she found herself alone.
She
Who stubs
Her toe
On clubs
Should heed the fate of Mrs. Dubbs.
—Baltimore American.

A Royal Exchange of Gifts.
King Edward: "Well, nephew, I'm greatly pleased with you. In fact, I want to show my approval of your conduct in a practical way."
Emperor William: "Dot's nice."
King Edward: "Yes, I'm going to make you a Field Marshal of the British Army."



He: "I have been longing for this moment, Miss Floesia, when I can lay my burning heart at your feet."
Floesia: "Oh, it's very good of you—my feet are so cold."—Ally Sloper.

Emperor William: "Truly, you're a splendid fellow! Yet do I get my tip?"
King Edward: "You get the right to buy yourself a Field Marshal's uniform and sit in a front seat at all reviews."
Emperor William: "Shake me of your hand, my liege! You are a pulpy goat fellow! I will now do myself the honor to gift you something, too. But you can't guess what it is. I am going to make you an Admiral of der Imperial German Navy! How is dot?"
King Edward: "Splendid! Willie, you're a

brick! And what do I get beside my commission?"
Emperor William: "You get a beautiful cocked hat with gold laces and feathers!"
King Edward: "Don't I get a ship?"
Emperor William: "Neln. But you get plenty of shoehorns!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Persian Court.
A vagrant who had been sentenced to death begged to be taken before the King, that he might plead for his life.
When he had been brought to the throne the King looked down upon him and angrily said:
"Thou worm, why comest thou adding to the troubles of thy monarch? Dost think, oh, thou crawling, cringing thing, that thy fate is worthy of the notice of a King? Begone, thou drone-out of my sight! Thou hast never done a thing in all thy worthless life. Thou art like a rotten shingle—useless. There is not one little reason why I should spare thee. Away with him!"
"But, oh gracious King, hear me," the vagrant cried. "Thou sayest I never did anything in my life. Nay, thou wrongest me. Even now, I am doing something."
"What is it?" the King demanded.
"Letting my whiskers grow."

At this the King was so well pleased that he not only restored the man's liberty, but made him of inspector at a salary of \$10,000 a year, with a cheap boy to do the inspecting.—Chicago Times-Herald.

After vs. Lawver.
De Wolf Hopper was once a witness in a suit for slander, and the opposing counsel in the courtroom said:
"You are an actor, I believe?"
"Yes," replied Hopper.
"Is not that a low calling?"
"I don't know, but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."
"What was your father's calling, may I ask?"
"He was a lawyer," said Hopper.
—Detroit Free-Press.

They Wanted Him.
"He says that his employers always regarded him as a valuable man."
"Yes; they offered a large reward for him when he left."—Life.

The Superlative Degree.
"Am I henpecked?"
The harassed husband was communing with himself.
"Henpecked?"
"His voice took on a tone of mingled humiliation and desperation."
"I am henpecked, that's what I am."—Baltimore American.

Sounded Like Him.
"You're a British officer," said the Boers to the captive, but he protested that he was not.
"I regret to say," he began.
"Kitcheners himself!" yelled the Boers, dancing with joy.—Philadelphia Press.



"How does it happen that Maud is still unmarried? She is a pearl among women."
"Perhaps the young men are afraid of mother-of-pearl."—Hettie Welt.



"Are you crazy—applauding and hissing at the same time?"
"Crazy? No! She sings first rate, but I can't endure him."—Flegende black.

Teach Him by Storm.
There is one Detroit man who looks with awe upon his son-in-law and writes him for advice once or twice a week. This son-in-law came out of the West, a strapping 6-foot-4-inch of vim, business from head to foot and with the breezy confidence of a man who has fought his way to the front on the frontier. He fell in love with the girl who is now his wife, while she was traveling with friends, courted her on a gallop and won her.
"But, dear," she warned him, "papa is something terrible. When you call on him to ask for me he is liable to shout and pound the table; call you an adventurer and lots of worse things, and threaten to throw you out. He's the roughest-going autocrat in his own house you ever saw."
But the big Westerner only smiled and promised to gain the paternal consent. He came and encountered much such reception as predicted, but he was just as smiling, airy and confident, for he had taken the old gentleman's measure.
"I'm going to be easy on you, father," he started in, and the title like to have given her father apoplexy. "For her sake, understand, you're a terror, all right enough, in your little domestic domain, but 99 per cent of it is bluff. I don't want your money, though it has been hinted to me that somebody should take care of it for you. Your daughter loves me and I love her, and we're going to marry in spite of the fact that your wife and children think you a fire-eater. If you don't have the decency to consent, I'll just naturally bundle her off, anyhow, and the more she fits you, throw the more people will laugh at you, for I'm all right and all my people out there know it."
He told the anxious girl it was happily settled and hurriedly kissed her. She found the paper in a collapse, and he sent for the young man early next morning to consult about some business.—Detroit Free Press.



Street Paver: "What are you walking on tip-toes for?"
Professor: "O, I know how annoying it is to be disturbed while you are working."—Hettie Welt.